

THE DEMING HEALTH.

VOL. 15.

DEMING, GRANT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1895.

NO. 14.

G. WORMSER & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise

We carry the Largest Stock of

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS,

And Furniture Goods in the Southwest.

Mining Supplies.

Full Line Farm and Spring Wagons Always on Hand

Ladies' and Men's

BOOTS and SHOES

A Specialty.

Suits made to order and Fit Guaranteed.

G. WORMSER & CO. Deming, N. M.

CLARK & CO.

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS,

Also carry a full line of assortment of

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Highest price paid for Eggs and all country produce.

GOLD AVE., DEMING, N. M.

N. A. BOLICH,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, NOTIONS, Boots, Shoes, Hats,

GENT'S * FURNISHING * GOODS, TRUNKS and VALISES.

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, and Shirts made to order.
Deming, New Mexico.

Fleishman & Beals Co.

Successors to SMITH & FLEISHMAN.

GROCERIES AND HARDWARE.

New Goods, Low prices.

Special Attention to mail Orders.

Gold Avenue,

DEMING, NEW MEXICO.

JOHN CORBETT. F. K. WYMAN.

GORBETT & WYMAN, Ore Samplers and Buyers.

Deming, New Mexico.

ASSAY DEPARTMENT PRICES AS FOLLOWS ON HAND SAMPLER.

Silver,	\$1.00
Gold,	1.00
Lead,	1.00
Any two, same pulp,	1.50
All three, same pulp,	2.00

Other Metals in Proportion.

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.
P. O. BOX 102.

CORBETT & WYMAN CO

WHY HE SUCCEEDED.

A SENATOR'S GOOD FORTUNE BEGAN WITH A GAME OF POKER.

It is a well-known fact that the Senator who has just been elected to the United States Senate was a successful gambler.

His success in the Senate was due to his success in the game of poker.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

WHITTIER'S FIRST POETRY.

The British Poet, John Keats, wrote the following lines in 1819, when he was only 18 years of age.

After he had made the acquaintance of Keats, Whittier began to write poetry. He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

He was a gambler, and he was a successful gambler.

THE MAYA WOMEN.

THEY ARE INTELLIGENT, SWEET TEMPERED AND BEAUTIFUL.

In the Olden Times These Wives of the Great Generals of America Were the Mothers of a Courageous Race, and They Never Looked Into a Mirror.

An unassuming word, but so old as the hills, is the word Maya. Among the Brahmins it means illusion and is the name of the earth, the material world, which, according to the Brahminical doctrine, is nonexistent—unillusion. Maya Devi was the name of the beautiful mother of Buddha. Maya in the feminine sense of Brahma and the mother of all the gods, even of Brahma himself. Any Greek dictionary informs us that Maya is the good mother of all gods and men. In Japan the goddess Maya is still worshipped. The beautiful Indian poem "Ramayana" tells us about a great navigator named Maya, who in ages long gone by took forcible possession of the countries to the south of the Hindoostanic peninsula and settled there.

The Maya people of America were in origin a great nation, occupying the territory comprised between the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and that of Darien. We know that they were navigators, their boats being depicted in very ancient books and paintings. In 1502, when Columbus came to America for the fourth time, he met on the high seas a large boat, in which were men, women and children. It also had a cargo of merchandise, consisting of soap, wax, tools, products of the earth and ready made garments. The travelers called themselves Maya. They were in the habit of traveling to Cuba and other islands to trade with their inhabitants. The Mayas were mostly clothed in white cotton garments. They were all possessed and courteous. Fifteen years later their land, today called Yucatan, was discovered by the Spaniards, but it was then white men 25 years of warfare to get control of that country, for every Maya fought like a hero. They were men of fearless motto.

In reading the works left by the Spanish chroniclers—priests who accompanied the soldiers—we learn that the Maya women were very good looking, and that they were charitable, sweet tempered, industrious, modest and so free from vanity that they never consulted the mirror, although their husbands did. In physique these women were large and beautifully shaped.

Their complexion was a light brown, and their silky black hair very abundant. Father Cogolludo, a Spanish priest, writes: "These women are more beautiful and better tempered than those of Spain." They always dressed themselves as they do at the present time, in flowing white garments, and in their happier days were greatly addicted to the use of perfumes and flowers. They were industrious, devoted wives and good mothers, but contented with their lot from their children. Their idea of modesty was so strict that they did not permit their daughters to look boldly into the face of a man, and if a girl showed a want of shyness the indignant mother would pinch her arms. After the Spaniards were in possession of the land they subjected these women to indignities and cruelty. Among many other things it is recorded that in one village they found two young women of remarkable beauty, one a bride, the other a maiden, and they hanged both, so that there should be no trouble about them. Many young mothers were hung from trees and their infants scooped from their feet. Those who escaped death were enslaved with their husbands and children.

Long ago, as far back as our studies enable us to know anything about that country, the Maya women seem to have enjoyed the same privileges as the men, to have had equal power in politics and equal authority.

Today, when business is to be transacted, the wife takes the active part, her husband making his home and her home.

It is not that she desires to domineer, but because she looks up to her religion, her judgment, her common sense, her eloquence and forceful without being haughty, and she never yields. When her husband gets himself into trouble, she pleads for him, being a more able reasoner than he is. If he gets into a quarrel, she guides him home. If he strikes her, she says: "He does not know what he is doing," regarding him with the same indifference as that domestic goddess of the household. It is her pleasure to give him the best of what they have, keeping for herself the worst.

This woman's home has a thatched roof and a tiled floor. She has no pretentious objects around her. Hammocks serve as seats by day and as beds by night. There is one low chair or stool on which she sits while her large fingers make the garments of the family. In one corner stands a bench and grinding stones. The hands grind all the corn used in the household. The fire is built on the floor between two stones, on which rests the clay pot or the disk for baking tortillas. Outside the back of the hut there is a long dug-out, serving as a washstand, resting on trees. There are stands for some hours every day, her small feet bare, she stands up to her elbows, her hair is swept and low, her hands never rest, and if you approach her she will welcome you with much perfect grace and self-possession, mingled with cordiality, that you will yourself be a not a prince in disguise. She may be fat, but she is not fat. Her face is not a picture of beauty, but she has a certain way in her looks that is not to be mistaken. Her hair is not curly, but it is soft and she has a certain way in her looks that is not to be mistaken. Her hair is not curly, but it is soft and she has a certain way in her looks that is not to be mistaken.

A man's wisdom is his best friend.

THE HEART IN OLD AGE.

A Discerning Heart Cannot Embrace Doubtful Society.

A story told by Dr. G. W. Ballou in his book "The Double Heart" will describe the double purpose of making the practical process which scientific medicine has achieved within the past 50 years and of administering a much needed word of comfort and encouragement to those numerous widows who, as an approaching, begin to feel themselves feeble about the regions of the heart.

"Many years ago," said Dr. Ballou, "a gentleman of 77 consulted me as to severe fainting fits to which he was liable. A distinguished physician, since dead, had told him that these attacks were due to fatty degeneration of the heart, and that treatment would be of no avail. The heart's impulse was imperceptible, the veins faint, but pure, the arteries firm, but neither hard nor tortuous. I told the patient that experience had taught me that hearts supposed to be fatty were often weak."

The result of treatment was a steady improvement in health and in force of heart beat, and the patient lived to be 92 and did not die of heart failure in the end, but from senile asthma. "So many people 'fatty heart' is a perfect bogey. But this is what Dr. Ballou has to say about the diagnosis of the disease: "It is absolutely impossible to diagnose fatty degeneration of the heart."

"We may surprise its existence, but we can only be certain of its presence when we see it post mortem." If many middle aged and old men could but have this written deep upon the tablets of their consciousness, what loads would be lifted from their minds. Yet doctors of small experience roll out a diagnosis of fatty heart with serious satisfaction, unheeding that to many a trembling father of a family it is like the sound of a death knell. On the question of treatment Dr. Ballou is equally decided. "We are often told," he says, "that there is danger in treating a fatty heart. * * * Yet the result of treatment in the case recorded was a cure, proving that a heart supposed to be fatty was only weak and that a life supposed to be over only wanted the fillip of a few minutes of digitalis to carry it on to almost the extreme of human longevity." So, true is it, even in scientific medicine, that a little experience and common sense outweigh many shiploads of more abstract theorizing.—London Medical Journal.

HE WAS VERY HUNGRY.

How a Texas Out a Good Deal at a General's Expense.

Mr. Goss, in his "Recollections of a Private," quotes the remarks of a Confederate about two famous leaders under whom he had fought. "This man," said General Jackson, "if you had some good general like him, I wish you could see him every day."

"Our General Magruder thinks a powerful heap of what he eats and wears. He alters his style of dress."

"There was a Texas fellow one time who had straggled from his brigade, and he was a pug one, he was, straggler. He was hungry enough to eat a general, buttons and all—that Texas fellow was. He was Magruder's table with a heap of good food."

"The Texas chap, he kept drivin in the pickets on them chickens, and he said to the general, 'No, old boy, and I ain't no ways partical, neither, since I've come soldierin.'"

Yankee Historian.

"Def' Wagon, he saw them chicken flocks, he was awful, and he had got his arms under his coat, pulled his hat over his eyes and walked out. And that Texas fellow didn't leave anything on that table 'cept the plates—'cept even the compliments."

"Who were her Well, so indeed. He hadn't no manners, he hadn't. He was powerful hungry, stranger, that chap was."

Keeping Ecclesiastically at It.

Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know what we pass it—do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business circumstances prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defect except within, no really insurmountable barrier save one own inherent weakness of purpose.—Ecclesiastical Review.

AUTHORS AND MARRIAGE.

The Single State, It Is Said, Is the Best For Literary Work.

When we compare the restrictions of married men with the opportunities of the bachelor we see that the latter has well nigh boundless possibilities for going into the world. He has access of facilities which will never reach his married friends, and he is generally more active in study until he is at least middle aged and then, even married women are more interested in him, whether they have a candidate for his hand or not. They talk with him on a wider range of subjects, in which they know he is more to be interested than those whose cited thoughts are wrapped up in their families. He may have no more invitations to the world for consolation and enlargement of knowledge, but he is in the best possible place that nature has put of human life, and he can call upon his friends, and so easily study types denied to them. The world lies open in all directions to him. He is not tethered to a stable. He wishes to study the society of a certain city, to study a novel with a local flavor, and he receives there at his own sweet will. He stays abroad as long as he likes, and if he wishes to study the lower classes there he can live in lodgings among them where he would never take his wife.

When we come to investigate the lives of the greatest authors, we shall find that the majority either did not marry, or they were, unappreciated, and hence thrown out of the world for consolation and enlargement of knowledge, or they laid the foundations for greatness before marriage.

Among those we may mention in the class of unmarried authors are Alexander Pope, Thomas Gray, Oliver Goldsmith, Edward Gibbon, Charles Lamb, Lord Macaulay, Washington Irving, William Collins, Charles Reade. We might also add to this list the poet laureate, Dean Swift, for he never lived with his wife, and Lord Byron, who had only about a year's experience of married life.

We find some great names among the list of the happily married. The most enthusiastic advocates of matrimony could scarcely have the assurance to say that it added or was anything else than a trial to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens or Thackeray.

It would be wearisome to give the names of all those authors who laid the foundations of greatness before marriage, and we shall instance only Milton, Goethe and Dante.—Mid-Continent.

WILD BILL'S HANDIWORK.

A Lasting Memorial of the Desperado's Skill With the Pistol.

On the west side of Market square in Kansas City stands a three story front of buildings known locally as Battle Row, from the numerous bout of the inhabitants. These lapse into lawless and abusive methods, especially with an eye which should alarm. On under the cornice of one of the buildings is an Old Fellows' sign, "L. O. F." If one's eyes are sharp, the white paint interior of the first O will show a handle of gray, weather hand spots very well in the center of the letter. They are the handiwork of that long haired gentleman of the border, Wild Bill.

It was back in the middle 'seventies when Wild Bill, by request, and merely to show his wifely skill with these weapons, stood across the street, fully 100 feet away, and with a 45 caliber Colt's pistol in each hand put all the 15 bullets into the center of this "O." He fired the pistols simultaneously, and the 15 shots made only six rings.

The town was so excited at the time and in the interest of amusement he tried a little trick now and then. So Wild Bill's exhibition of crack pistol shooting excited nothing but compliments. Indeed, officers, chief of police, then, as well as now, was one of the most interested lookers on, and emphatically endorsed the exhibition as one of the most skillful tricks with pistols that had ever been his back to see.—Washington Star.

Population of the World.

Geometrical geographers have made a careful estimate of the population of Africa, and place the total at 143,000,000, which is 45,000,000 more than the aggregate population of North and South America. Europe and Asia combined have a population of 511,222,500, though their area is not greater than that of all America. The new world has plenty of room for many times its present population of 121,713,000. The German estimate of the population of the world now is 1,420,000,000, and one of the best authorities of the Royal Statistical society says it will be so, based by the year 2247 to 2,628,000,000.

Bullet Struck in a Church Room.

An interesting discovery has been made at the Church of St. Mary, with St. Andrew, Tenby, in Kent. The western tower recently underwent renovation, and the removal of all superfluous covering disclosed that the interior was of fine massive oak, which, on examination, was found to be secured in several places with bullet marks. There are eight distinct perforations, in some of which the leaden bullets still remain imbedded. It is supposed that they were fired into the door by some of Cromwell's soldiers when engaged in the spoliation and desecration of the Holy Sepulchre.—London Leader.

LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S
COPPER RIVETED CLOTHING
EVERY GARMENT